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NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1857.

NUMBER 4972.

Agriculture.

CULTIVATION OF THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—Since its introduction into this country, the Chinese sugar-cane has proved itself well adapted to our geographical range of Indian corn. It is of easy cultivation, being similar to that of maize or broom corn, but will prosper in a much poorer soil. It does not succeed so well, however, when sown broadcast with the view of producing fodder, as it will not grow to much more than one half of its usual height. If the seeds are planted in May, in the Middle States, or still earlier at the South, two crops of fodder can be grown in a season from the same roots—the first one in June or July, to be cut before the panicles appear, which would be green and succulent, like young Indian corn—and the other a month or two later, at the time, or before, the seed is fully matured. In the extreme Northern States where the season is too short and cool for it to ripen in the open air, the cultivator will necessarily have to obtain his seed from regions further south. If it were important for him to raise his own seed, he could start the plants under glass, in the spring, and remove them to the field or garden at about the period of planting Indian corn, after which they would fully mature. One quart of seed are found to be sufficient for an acre. If the soil be indifferent or poor, they may be sown in rows or drills about 3 feet apart, with the plants from 10 to 12 inches asunder; but if the soil be rich, they may be planted in hills, five or more seeds to each, 4 or 5 feet apart in one direction, and 3 or 4 in the other. The plants may be worked or hoed twice in the course of the season, in a similar manner to Indian corn. And suckers or superfluous shoots, which may spring up, can be removed. The seed should not be harvested before it acquires a dark or black hue. Should the plants lodge, or fall to the ground, by the excessive weight of the heads, during storms of wind or rain, before the seed matures, they may remain for weeks without injury. In collecting the seed, a convenient method is to cut off the stalks about a foot below the panicles, tie them up in bunches of twenty-five, and suspend them in any secure, airy place, sheltered from rain. If intended solely for fodder, the first crop should be cut just before the panicles would appear and the second, as soon as the milky stage. It may be tied up in bundles, shocked and cured, like the tops or stalks of Indian corn. If not intended to be employed for any other economical use, after the seed has been removed, and the weather be cool and the average temperature of the day does not exceed 45° or 50° F., the stalks may be cut up close to the ground, tied in bundles, collected into shocks, or stowed in a mass in a succulent state, for fodder in sheds or barns, where they will keep without injury, if desired, until spring. In this condition, however, the lower parts of the stalk will be found to be quite hard and woody, and will require to be chopped into small pieces for feeding.

PRECAUTION.—Particular care should be observed not to cultivate this plant in the vicinity of Dourah corn, Guinea corn, nor broom-corn, as it hybridizes or mixes freely with those plants, which would render the seeds of the product unfit for sowing.

FEBRUARY WORK.—Manure may now be carted to those lots where it is to be used putting it in large heaps. It should not be spread upon the land before it can be plowed under. If under cover, however, it is better to let it remain there until the last practicable moment.

POTATOES FOR PLANTING.—Sort out, selecting those of medium size, and have them in readiness for use.

Seeds of all kinds should now be procured according to your wants. An exchange of grain, corn and potatoes, for those of other localities, is often beneficial.

SHEEP.—Pay especial attention to those which are lamb early, giving grain or cut roots, and put in separate warm pens.

TOOLS.—Look over and see if any repairing is necessary, or if any new ones are wanted, and procure or mend them now during the leisure of this month.

The same remarks apply to wagons, carriages, harness, and in fact anything needed for the successful prosecution of work during spring and summer. A small work-shop or room and a set of common carpenter's tools are a necessary appendage to the other buildings on a farm. More time is often spent in taking an implement to the carpenter's than would be required to mend it if tools were at hand.

WOOL.—See that the pile at the door is split, and large enough to last through the entire year. Have it placed away under cover if possible.

FENCING.—Cut and draw out a good supply of cedar, chestnut, &c., now that the swamps are frozen, and prepare a sufficiency of rails and stakes for summer use.

Selected Tale.

ALICE CLARE; OR, MY PROPOSAL.

Right well do I recollect my first meeting with Alice Clare. It was during a summer vacation. An old friend had sent to me an imperative command to come and spend the dog days with him at his retreat—a delightful place upon the banks of a little lake in the centre of the State—and very glad was I to accept the invitation. It was near sunset when I came up to the house. As I approached, my friend came running out with both hands extended, and he shook me such a welcome, that my fingers ache now to think of it. Then he marched up a troop of blooming daughters to present, the eldest of which, was a fine, full-grown young woman; then after a brief delay appeared the mistress of the house, grown buxom since I had seen her, but happy, and proud enough, one could see, of her husband and her brood of little ones.

It was really an exquisite spot—this home of my friend. I envied him from the bottom of my soul. As that very first evening we all sat in the twilight upon the wide, low verandah, and looked out thro' a shadowed vista of arching boughs, upon the waters of the lake, just tinted with a reflection from the sunset sky, watching the shadows gathering beneath the many little wooded islands which dotted the lake, listening to the chirp of the cricket, and the cry of the whippoorwill, there was a calm so sweet and intense came over me, that it seemed to me as if my previous life had been a blank—a perfect dream, wherein the soul had known no sensations, and no existence—that this was my first real taste of life in its true, high, and perfect meaning. And when later in the evening, Mary, the eldest daughter, went to the piano, and a sweet, plaintive melody came wafted on the air, mingling with the musical night sounds around; and after this, three of the sisters sang a sweet little trio; and the then whole party, four in number, came up to their parents for their good night kiss; and the younger ones submitted to an additional kiss from me, which I didn't care to ask of the two eldest; and then they all tripped off to bed, happy and laughing and chatting—why, somehow, my mind kept running on matrimony, and when I retired to the chamber shown me, I really began to whistle to keep down the uncomfortable tug at my heart. I dreamt that night of rippling waters, and pleasant shores, and low music, and voices of daughters and a beautiful wife; and when I awoke, the very first thing that was a merry thrilling of a young girl's voice, under my window, and the air that came through the open sash was so soft and delicious, loaded with riches stolen from the flower beds—and in fact, all these things set me to dressing very abstractedly, and with a dogged sort of determination to make one more visit to New York for the sanguinary purpose of erecting a bon-fire of red tape, cases, briefs, sheep skins, deeds, titles, law—and washing my hands clean of such defilements forevermore, to embrace a life as full and rich, and true and beautiful as this I saw around me.

After dressing, down I went for an ante-breakfast ramble. The air was so fine that my spirits went up like a barometer. I plunged through the shrubbery, into the fields; got drenched with dew (which wasn't quite so comfortable,) and so made for the shore, when, finding a little shallow, I put out upon the lake. The paddle was weak, and snapped in two; the boat was leaky, and began to fill, I put back as fast as I could, but paddling with a broken oar was slow, and I was obliged to stop occasionally, and take to bailing with my hands. When within jumping distance to the shore, I tried to leap, and landed with both feet immersed to the boot tops.

These little mishaps dampened my spirits somewhat, but the recounting of them at the breakfast table afforded so much amusement to the whole family, that it began to dawn upon me that it really was, if I only knew, first rate sport.

After breakfast, took pole and line, and went fishing, but caught no fish. Discovering that angling was an absurd employment, I abandoned my piscatorial implements, and went gaming, but shot no game. A little discouraged, I set out for a ramble, and this time succeeded in getting lost. Forty times I was sure that the gables I saw through the opening foliage, belonged to the house of my friend; forty times I was unaccountably mistaken. At last I came upon a little, narrow, romantic stream. This, said I, empties into the lake. If I follow it, it will lead me in the proper direction. I did so, but in the immensity of my wisdom, I went up stream instead of down. It did occur to me that the stream got narrower and shallower, but these facts I attributed to the eccentricity of little streams in that locality. It will wonder presently, said I, and I shall come out upon the lake unexpectedly. But it didn't—

Indeed it got so narrow and wild, and full of cascades and rapids, that I stood in my perplexity—until suddenly it burst upon me in a flood of light, that the cascades were falling the wrong way! The astonishment which this discovery caused me is beyond description. Is it possible, thought I, that I have been so stupid as to come up stream? I had better, so my cognition continued, go back to New York at once. It is very evident that I don't know anything about wood-craft, or stream-craft. It would be well for me not to confess this blunder. I should never hear the end of it. I think, hereafter, that I will stick to law. It is all I am fit for.

After duly upbraiding myself in this fashion, I resolved to strike across the country to the first house I met, and there learn my whereabouts, and obtain a guide if possible. I put my resolve into effect. After an hour's walk, I saw a lovely little cottage nestling amid trees and shrubbery and flowers. I got around to approach it properly in front. As I turned around a small hill, into the green by-lane which came up to the house, quite a pleasant little picture presented itself—consisting of a horse, and a boy, and two dogs, assembled together by a little thatched out-house of the cottage. The horse was saddled for a lady, and one of the dogs was unmistakably a lady's pet. I stood looking at the group, for law experience had quite destroyed a once quick sense of the picturesque, when out from the cottage and across the lawn, there came tripping one of the most exquisite creatures I ever saw—blooming and radiant, with floating curls from under a country sunbonnet, and a rustic, simple sort of dress—evidently designed for a free scamp through by paths, and unfrequented lanes. She ran up to the horse with a merry laugh, patted him affectionately upon the neck (how I envied him!) jumped upon a horse black at hand, and before I could fairly see how it was done, she was mounted, and her reins gathered up. The horse was a fine, plump, beautifully made creature, such a one as Landseer would have liked to paint—full of spirit, and proud of his burthen. As he felt her weight upon his back, his ears pricked up, his eye lighted, and his whole figure grew animated.

His rider, with a merry word to the boy, turned her head in my direction, and was about putting him to the gallop, when, for the first time, she saw me. She involuntarily drew in the reins and blushed, and then would have passed on; had not I lifted my hat, and with an apology, begged to be informed of the proper direction to Mr. Woodward's house.

"Mr. Woodward's," said a musical voice as ever I want to hear; "dear me! Why, its full five miles!" "Is it possible?" said I, determined to prolong the interview; "I am a squatter at Mr. Woodward's."

"Mr. Jackson?" interrupted she, with an interrogative bow. "I am fairly stared. She knew my name. Who could she be?"

"Pardon me, you are right, but you have so much the advantage of me—" "Oh I am a frequent visitor at Mr. Woodward's. I like them all so much. But you have lost your way, I think, and I am riding very near to Mr. Woodward's. Won't you rest in the cottage until they send a carriage for you?"

"Pardon me miss—" I paused with the hope that she would fill up the blank, but she took no notice of my attempt to draw out her name, and I was compelled, awkwardly enough, to resume. "I will not trouble you so much," said I, "I am not fatigued, and once upon the proper road, I shall reach my destination easily enough."

"Oh, air, then follow this road to the right. It will lead you directly to Mr. Woodward's house," and touching her horse slightly with the reins, galloped off, leaving me uncovered and staring after her. Here was an adventure! Something delightful and romantic. Who could she be? Addressing me as Mr. Jackson too. There was one comfort—I was quite certain of meeting her again. This fact I hugged to my heart. And was there ever anybody so beautiful, with such eyes, such lips, such roses, and such a figure! My heart was cleft in twain. I could do nothing but recall her words. I walked on air. There was nectar in my veins. I planned it all. I was to grow more and more in love, and inspire her with the flame; my visit was to be prolonged, and every hour was to be passed in her glorious presence. My rapture would be beyond relief. Then I would propose, and receive that trembling Yes; then our moonlight walks, our strolls upon the lake, our forest rambles; then—then I tripped over a vine, and pitched sprawling into the dust!

"Confound it!" said I, scrambling to my feet and limping away. "Just my luck." I brushed the dust from my clothes with the air of an injured man, and resumed my journey, planting each step firmly upon the ground, and with unaccountable suddenness feeling a disgust for damp moonlight walks, and such romantic fal de rol.

By the time I had reached my friends

my spirits were up again, however, and at tea I gave them all a glowing account of my adventure.

"It must have been Alice Clare," said Mary Woodward. I was delighted. Alice Clare sounded deliciously. I had vaguely apprehended that it might be Brown. Alice Clare was certainly a pretty name. I kept repeating Alice Clare to myself continually. Later in the evening when we were on the piazza, I got a little drowsy (dreaming of Alice Clare all the while,) and somebody whispered a sudden word in my ear. I sprang to my feet, shouting out her name at the top of my voice, to the astonishment of everybody. In an instant I became aware of what I had done, and sat down hastily, feeling, and no doubt looking, excessively foolish.

"You mustn't fall in love with Alice Clare," said Mr. Woodward, good humoredly. She is—

"Oh, papa," broke in Mary, laughing and running up to Mr. Woodward, "don't say anything, please don't."

And then beckoning to her sister, off she scampered, laughing gleefully all the while. I felt uncomfortably certain that all their laughter was at me, but as they returned presently, looking very demure, I soon forgot all about it.

The next day, Alice Clare came galloping up to the house—upon this occasion her fine form superbly set off in a riding habit, and her thick curls gathered up under a dashing, jauntily disposed riding hat. When she entered the house, and Mary was about presenting me to her, I distinctly saw an exchange of signals between them. I wondered what it meant, and then wisely recollecting how proverbially young girls are of secrets that are no secrets, magnanimously overlooked it.

"Alice, Mr. Jackson?" said Mary, demurely. I bowed. I have a perfect bow, I am sure. Yet when I lifted my head, the tittering which both Miss Clare and Miss Woodward were endeavoring to suppress, surprised me. I saw no good cause for it.

The interview was quite a lively and spirited one, but it threatened to be fearfully short, until my proposal to return with her, after a moment's hesitation, was accepted. Mr. Woodward ordered a horse saddled for me, and in less than half an hour we rode away together. It was delightful, this riding through shady lanes by the side of this exquisite creature. My heart beat, my blood tingled, my head swam around. I determined to make an impression. I opened the conversation in a very brilliant manner. I said a great many very original and striking things; I remarked that I never knew a more lovely evening; that I should think the sun to be an hour high; that the lake was a very pretty lake; that a scamp over the health like the one we were enjoying, was a great treat to a New Yorker (here my horse shied, and I lost my stirrup); that fishing was the pursuit of a philosopher; that I wondered she didn't come to New York, where her charms would be appreciated; did she like music? was she fond of poetry? Did she prefer Byron or Moore? Wasn't Tennyson exquisite!—and so on for a mortal hour. She said many sweet things in reply, and bade me good evening when I left, with the most entrancing smile I ever saw or smarted under.

It is wonderful how an acquaintance ripens in the country. What with rides, sails, picnics with the Woodwards to one of the lake islands, walks, &c., I knew Alice Clare as well in three days as I would have done in half a year in town.

I was most indefatigable in my attempts to please. I gathered bouquets for her every morning, and rode over to present them; I composed a sonnet to her beauty; I whispered in her ear the finest compliments I could frame; I evinced in every possible way my admiration of her person and her qualifications. I did not like the *feux de joie* of glances that was continually let off both by her and her friend Mary, nor the grave surprise with which my conduct was watched by Mr. Woodward, but these things only gave me occasionally uneasiness. "It's all right," said I, "the loveliest of her sex shall be the future Mrs. Jackson."

The term of my vacation was drawing to its close. It was necessary that I should hasten matters. I resolved to—not exactly learn my fate, because my confidence in the way all would end was never shaken by a doubt—but I resolved to explain myself the first opportunity, and settle the preliminaries.

The next day she rode over as usual to Mr. Woodward's, and I offered to accompany her back. No sooner were we started than I determined at once to break the ice, and open the subject. I found it more difficult than I supposed. The words stuck in my throat. I hemmed and hawed, grew embarrassed, silent, fidgety, perspiring, trembling, and nervous. We rode on a mile or two without speaking. Alice kept her head averted. This I considered a good sign. She was embarrassed, too—blushing to her brows, no doubt. At last

I urged my horse close up to her, and stammered out—

"Miss Alice—"

There was a momentary pause. Hero, (this was the name of Alice's horse,) as if jealous of me, began to mend his pace. I pushed up my steed to his side, and repeated again, in a low voice, agitated and trembling in spite of me—

"Miss Alice—I—"

Hero shot ahead a little. I urged my own ang forward. Hero only went the faster. I was half a length behind him.

"Miss Alice," repeated I somewhat louder, "I desire, Miss Alice, I wish—that is, I trust."

Hero broke out into a gallop. I struck forward at the same pace, but in spite of me nearly a length behind. It was getting deucedly awkward.

"I wish, Miss Clare," resumed I, "to confess to you, to unfold to you, to offer—" Hero began to stretch out in long leaps. My nag was an ambitious creature, but rather short winded. He didn't like this apparent attempt to leave his company, and giving his head an ugly shake, began to try his best.

"Miss Clare," said I, as I got up close to her side again, "Miss Clare, I love—I offer—" Hero began to gallop at furious rate. I urged my own horse forward with whip and heel. We were going over the ground like mad. My hat blew off. I was an uncertain horseman, and thought I should be bounced out of the saddle. I grasped the mane with all my might.

"Miss Clare—I off—off—fer—" stammered I, still holding pertinaciously to my own idea, although grasping, bewildered, blinded, my stirrups lost, and nearly shaken out of my seat.

"Alice—Miss Clare—dear Alice," I still kept crying out, although now a dozen feet behind her. My horse was winded, and began to lose his ground. Alice shot ahead like an arrow, never deigning to give me one look. A turning of the road took her out of sight. A minute more, and my horse was broken down altogether, and abruptly stopped. I ground my teeth together, and even let out an oath. I berated my broken-winded steed with every epithet I could think of. In fact, I worked myself up into a tremendous passion. But I didn't mean to give the matter up. I rode back and found my hat, and then deliberately pursued my way to Alice's cottage.

As I rode up I saw a horse, not Hero, dusty and travelled stained, standing by the gate. A visitor, thought I impatiently, and half felt to find an opportunity after all. However I rode up, dismounted and entered.

Alice was there, her riding habit already removed. A stranger was present—a tall, fine looking man of not more than twenty-five.

Both rose as I entered.

"Mr. Jackson, permit me," said Alice, with an arch smile and a mischievous glance, "Mr. Clare—my husband!"

I turned white, then red; I sat down, and stood up; I stared, stammered, and wondered if there was a way to vanish through the floor—and at last seized my hat, rushed out, and made my way off as fast as possible.

Within two hours, I was on my way to New York.

I found out all about it afterwards. Mary, the mischievous puss, seeing that I was struck with Alice, and inasmuch as Mr. Clare was absent, planned a little sport at my expense—which Alice was very willing to join her in.

Reader, let me give you two pieces of advice:

Be sure the lady you fall in love with hasn't a husband already.

Never pop the question on horseback.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND. 1677.

the legislature considered their title and claim to this part of the colony as clear and just, as to any other part of it whatever.

Elisha Hutchinson, William Hudson, and others their associates, claiming a tract in the Pequot and Narragansett country, applied to the General Assembly for their assistance and protection, against Rhode Island, in the re-settlement of their lands. The assembly determined to extend their protection and government to them.

1678. At the General Assembly and election held for the colony at Newport the 1st of May 1678. By election was chosen. BENEDICT ARNOLD, Sen. Gov. JOHN CRANSTON, Deputy Gov.

Assistants. James Barker; Joseph Clarke; Thos. Olney; Samuel Wilbour; Samuel Gorton; Peleg Sanford; Stephen Arnold; John Whipple; John Albro; Thomas Greene.

Deputies. Newport—Caleb Carr, Thomas Wood, Edmund Richmond, John Greene, James Barker, Jr. John Rogers.

Providence. Edward Eoman, Samuel Bennett, Thos. Arnold, Wm. Hawkins, Jr. **Portsmouth.** John Sanford, Hugh Parsons, William Corey, William Wilbour, Warwick. Walter Todd, Thos. Greene, Elisha Collins, John Carder.

New Shoreham. John Sands. **East Greenwich.** Clement Weaver, Thomas Dugan.

John Sanford, Recorder; Thomas Fry, Sergeant; Peleg Sanford, General Treasurer; Edward Richmond, General Attorney; Edmund Calverly, Solicitor.

Voted, That whereas Mr. Benedict Arnold, Sen, is by the free vote of the people chosen Governor, and he being so all that he cannot come to assembly: the Deputy Governor, with James Barker, and Peleg Sanford, Assistants, and the Recorder, are empowered to go to him and receive the engagement from said now elected Governor.

An act was made against fast riding in the town of Newport and five shillings fine affixed to the offence. This was done in consequence of great damage having been done to a small child, as set forth in the preamble.

The Assembly adjourned to the last Wednesday in August, at which time it convened again.

Voted, That whereas our late Governor or Benedict Arnold is deceased, this Assembly do forthwith proceed to the election of a governor in his room or place."

"Mr. Wm. Coddington was chosen and engaged in the assembly."

Biography of Gov. B. Arnold.

Benedict Arnold was the son of William Arnold of Pawtuxet, he was born in England December 21st, 1615, and came with his father to America. They settled in Providence previous to the year 1638—Benedict came to Newport about the year 1653 where he settled. He married Demari Weston, daughter of Shukely Weston, of Warwick, by whom he had seven children, viz. Benedict, Godgift, Oliver, Caleb, Josias, Demari, and Freelove. He was a useful member of the Colony, and much relied on in public affairs, he was opposed to Wm. Coddington with respect to his commission as Governor of the Islands, and joined with John Clarke and others in procuring the same to be revoked. He was appointed commissioner from Newport in 1654, and was very useful in composing the differences that then existed between the towns on the Island, and those on the main, which ended in a re-union of the whole colony under one government. He continued an assistant from Newport, and in the year 1657 was chosen President of the colony. The liberal views of Gov. Arnold are shown by his defence of religious toleration, in the course taken by Rhode Island to protect the Quakers, even against the threats of the commissioners of the United Colonies, although he was not himself very favorable to their principles. He was again President in 1658 and 1659, assistant in 1660 and 1661 and again President in 1662 and 1663, and in the character of king Charles the second he was appointed in said charter, by the king, as the first Governor. He was re-elected Governor by the people in the years 1664, 1665, 1669, 1670, 1671, 1677, and 1678, aged 63 years. He was a great proprietor of land in Newport, Jamestown, and Narragansett, &c., and left a large estate to a numerous posterity. His mansion house was of stone, and stood where the Banking house of the Union Bank now stands. He was buried in his own family burying ground, set apart by him for said use, which is near the old Congregational meeting house. His tombstone is illegible.

At the General Assembly held for the colony of Newport the 30th day of October, 1678.

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Poetry.

THE REAPER'S SICK CHILD.

I saw upon the harvest-field
A mother and her child;
The mother looked disconsolate,
The babe's limbs never smiled.
It did not laugh as it was wont;
It neither stirred nor played;
But, by the stock's warm sunny side
Lay still where it was laid.
The mother kissed it tenderly,
And wept it in her hand,
And clasped it, and dandled it,
And stroked its curly head;
Then looked upon it mournfully,
And tears fell on its face,
As she fondled it, and folded it
In a farewell embrace.
But when she went, its faint complaint
Her case with anguish struck,
And back she turned and came again
To take another look.
And closer yet she laid the shaven
To shield it from the breeze,
And kneeled once more to comfort it,
Upon her trembling knees.
And gladly she had watched it there,
But the hour of rest expired,
And she was called again to toil,
And slowly she retired.
Her children's head depended on
The labors of her arm;
And there she left that child alone,
And bared it safe from harm.
But every hand that she laid
Behind her in the sheaf,
She cast on her sick infant's couch
A stealthy look of grief.
And when the long and weary rig
To the uttermost was shorn,
She hurried back before the rest
To soothe her latest born.
But when she came where it was laid
She started back with fear,
To see its altered countenance,
And then again came near.
Its large black eyes were firmly closed,
Its wee white hand was chill,
And deep solemnity reposed,
On its face so pale and still.
It neither answered to her voice,
Nor raised its drooping head,
Nor breathed, nor smiled, nor sobbed, nor
Sighed—
Alas the child was dead.
Its dying, its gentle ween,
Its infant soul was fled
While its poor mother struggled hard
To earn her daily bread.
And these fond mothers who have seen
The greenest loveliest leaf
Of their life's summer withering,
Will know that mother's grief.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And O! to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far below a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.
Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove himself higher than base?
No, let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.
Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To other's failings as your own;
If you're the first to fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then O! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can!

A TOUCHING BALLAD.

I saw him in the lonely room,
A pining to and fro;
His step was hurried, and he paused,
From time to time in woe.
His face was buried in his hands,
The tears fell thick and fast;
"Oh! from these tortured eyes," cried he,
"Has peace forever passed?"
I shared his pain, the poignant words
Seemed bleeding from his heart;
And so I tried with sympathy
Some solace to impart.
But he exclaimed, "Oh! I ne'er like me,
May you feel woe or know ill;
I've washed my face with yellow soap,
And cannot find the towel!"

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The things in life which we the most desire,
And find no labor to attain too great,
If realized at all, come oh too late,
To give the blossom which the buds inspire.
And Hope's fondition, like the joy's funeral pyre,
The mired head looks to the wicket gate
Of his old rectory, and laments his state.
The soldier, after many a conflict dire,
Where he lay way to enmities had fought,
Finds he has stilled nature—and for naught.
Statesmen, by shifts which honest men despise,
And having sipped of the long envied fower,
Watch themselves down that they again might rise.

Continued.

CONGRESS Second Session.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Feb. 13.

On motion of Mr. Weller, a resolution was adopted requiring the Secretary of War to communicate copies of all reports of the officers of the army who may have been made in the course of the war in Europe, to the Senate.

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UNVEILING A CHINESE ERROR—A

Scotch Society, the "Chatham" has ruthlessly torn off the drapery of reputation which has made the poet Milton's daughters the admirable partners of the literary labors of the great author of Paradise Lost. It has published documents to show that Deschamps, the youngest, much quoted as the amanuensis of the blind bard, and his reader in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and Italian, was nearly as ignorant as his sister Mary, who was almost as ignorant as his sister Anne. This one could not write and that one could not spell.

ICENBERG OFF CAPE COD—Captain Saunders of brig Amazon, which arrived yesterday from Surinam, reports being off Cape Cod, where he encountered field ice in such quantities that he was obliged to run fourteen miles to the eastward to get clear of it. He also says that the ice appeared to him from twenty to twenty-five feet high of water! The Amazon was boarded on Saturday at 2 P. M., off Highland Light, by Mr. E. G. Martin, pilot, and we understand that he tells about the same story.

But Traveler, 9th.

A singular effect of the cold weather is recorded by the Nantucket Mirror. It says that when the ice broke up last week, the whole Eastern shore of Long Pond, from Jersey's Cove to the bridge at the Narrows, was found filled with eels to the depth of two or three inches, so thick that a spear thrust in at random by way of experiment, took out ten. Where such an enormous body of eels came from, is a mystery.

PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.—It is stated in the Richmond Enquirer that Edward Everett has already placed in the hands of trustees \$12,000 at 7 percent interest, and \$500 at 6 percent interest—the proceeds of his estate—for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund.

Madame Oceana, the largest limbed woman in the world, is in the museum at Orleans. She weighs 515 pounds, is 9 feet 2 inches in circumference, measures 29 inches around the arm and 33 inches around the calf of her leg, and wears No. 3 shoes. She hails from Kentucky.

The Taunton Gazette calculates anybody to expect a party of seven young men who skated from Weir Village to Fall River, Tuesday and returned the next morning, making the sixteen miles on their return, in two hours. The quickest mile was made in three minutes.

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother, for kissing her attendant, justified the act by quoting the passage—"Whatsoever ye do unto men shall ye do unto you, ye do even so unto them."

The cultivation of the Chinese sugar cane has been commenced in many parts of California.

A CARD.

NEW YORK, January 14, 1857.

BRIGHTON MARKET. Thursday last.

NEW BEDFORD MARKET.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Feb. 18.

Special Notices.

TO WASHINGTON SQUARE.

THIRTEEN DEPARTMENTS.—English, Classical, and French.

Wm. H. Smith, DENTIST.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

THE MEDICINE COMING FROM A REPUTABLE SOURCE, and carefully prepared by an experienced and skillful physician, is recommended by the public with confidence.

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New Advertisements.

Court of Probate, Newport, Feb. 16, 1857.

D. & G. L. COOK, Executors of the last will and testament of

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having been appointed by the City authorities, to fill the place of City Clerk, vacated by the death of the former incumbent, offers his services to the public as City Clerk, and to receive and record all City orders, and to perform all other duties of the office.

NOTICE.

THE WELL KNOWN "Tilly Place," in Middletown, a mile and a quarter from the city, and one of the most desirable locations on the coast, is now for sale.

NOTICE.

THE ACTIVE AND HONORARY MEMBERS of the Newport Artillery Company, are hereby requested to meet at the Armory Hall on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 10 o'clock.

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Miscellaneous.

Real Estate Agency.

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1 and Glossy, removes Dandruff and
Gray Hair to its natural color. Sold by
Nov 15. R. J. TAY